

MISS SANTA CLAUS



With joyful heart, on dainty toes,
Her eyes aching, each cheek a rose,
Well laden with her presents goes
The Christmas maid.

In Santa's task she claims a share,
And bears her gifts with thoughtful care,
While Love attends her everywhere,
A willing aid.

Oh, Santa, take a friendly tip,
Unless you want to lose your grip,
Don't let her make another trip
In all your days.

For she's a vision, so complete,
So captivating, fair and sweet,
That she has got you surely beat
A hundred ways.



A GREAT DAY.

This is Christmas day, the anniversary of the world's greatest event. To one day all the early world looked forward; to the same day the later world looks back. That day holds time together.—Alexander Smith.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.—Garfield.

Filling the Stockings



DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

When the Joy of Your Kiddies Brings Tender Memories of Years Ago.

In these strenuous shopping days, writes Louis James, have you caught yourself remembering suddenly, in all sorts of queer, unexpected places, all sorts of queer, half forgotten things? Have you remembered how these days before Christmas are the wonderful days in the life of the child, more wonderful days, perhaps, than any that are to come?

You know that yourself. You can't help recalling how time went by those days before the great day. You remember how each day seemed somehow more wonderful than the one before, each day a prelude of real joy to that first marvelous moment of Christmas morning, when, after a night of little if any sleep, you scrambled up and stood breathless on the threshold of the room which had been forbidden you all those interminable hours that went before.

The child you take with you through the wonderlands of the modern toy department wants what you did. The little girl stops before the baby doll, wide eyed, still with desire. The boy stands flooded with happiness before an ark in which is every imaginable creation. You remember what a small thing your own was, a fourth the size. But his joy is no greater than yours.

He pushes toward the rocking horse. Now it runs by machinery, when once you ran your own across the floor to the imminent danger of total destruction to persons and furniture that might stand in the way. But Christmas day was your day. The day when "don'ts" were not and you were king or queen in your kingdom of toys.

You pass on to trains and there again electricity is running them. You pulled them yourself.

Then you catch the look on the face of your boy. He is watching the huge engine move slowly, smoothly along. It passes under infinite tunnels and bridges and over made hills that present intricate difficulties of passage. Your tunnels were of chairs and the table in your kitchen made a splendid bridge to cross.

He turns to you, the child of this twentieth century. His smile is beatific. He wants it—that train. He never wanted anything so much before. He never will again he is sure.

And as you move away you smile, a little sadly, a little gladly. You are proud to be able to make him so wonderfully happy, this child of yours, but you are sure, too, that he is no happier than you were these same pre-Christmas days, those years before.

Life is in the Future.

Gather up all thy sins—old wrongs, old hatreds, burning angers, memories of men's treachery; stuff them into a bag and heave them into the gulf of oblivion. Your life is not in the past, but in the future. "We are saved by hope."—Newell Dwight Hillis, D.D.

GETTING A START

By
NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.

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MARRIAGE.

Robert and William were chums. They were junior salesmen, both had "made good" in a moderate way, and both gave promise of ultimately becoming successful.

"I've something to tell you," said Robert one day, "and it's in strict confidence."

"Go ahead, Bob."

"I'm thinking of getting married."

"Thinking of it, or have you decided?"

"I'm pretty close to the finish, I guess."

"Have you asked the girl?"

"No, but I've about made up my mind to propose."

"Think she'll say 'yes'?" asked William with a smile.

"Guess so."

"You want my advice?"

"That's it," replied Robert. "I'll tell you who she is."

"Not just yet, my boy. Let's discuss it upon general principles first, and specifically afterward. Are you sure you love the girl?"

"Do you think I'd propose to her if I wasn't sure?" exclaimed Robert.

"No, but you may think you're sure without being so."

"But how can I be surer?"

"My dear fellow," replied William earnestly, "marriage is the most solemn contract you or anybody else can make. It requires more consideration than any other action. You can lease a house and sublet it if you want to, and you can change your job if you don't like it, but you can't get rid of a wife so easily. It is a life-long proposition, or should be. You say you love her. If you had selected an automobile, you could probably give a dozen or more definite reasons why you had made the choice. Can you give me six real, definite, solid reasons why you have picked out this girl to be your wife?"

Robert frowned.

"Bob," resumed William, "let's get down to brass tacks. I'm your friend, the best friend you have. Give me the first reason why you want to marry this girl."

"Because I'm in love with her."

"All right. Give me one reason why you are in love with her. In what particular respect does she appeal to you?"

"She's pretty, she's sweet and dainty, and, hang it, man, I love her!"

"I'll admit she's pretty, but beauty in itself doesn't remain net in the matrimonial market, and sweetness is relative. What have you talked about principally since you met?"

"Honestly, I don't rememehr. old boy."

"Bob, if you had many things in common, wouldn't you remember something you talked about? Do you love her, or are you infatuated with her? Love carries with it companionship and community of interest, a desire to work together as well as to play together. Has this young woman shown any interest in your work? Would you be happy with her if you were to see no one else for the next 40 years?"

"Well, honestly," replied Robert, "I can't remember that she ever did show any particular interest in my work. As for being alone with her the rest of my life, I shall not have to. I have other interests."

"If this young woman is sufficiently in love with you to marry you, she ought to be at least somewhat interested in the work which is to be a means of livelihood for both of you. Nobody expects a man to see only his wife, but if he does not feel that he would be willing and ready to, and that he could be happy with her alone, he has no business to marry. Go home, Bob. Write out what you want your wife to be, irrespective of this particular woman. Then ask yourself without prejudice whether or not you have any tangible evidence that she can meet the requirements. If you don't know why you want a thing, whether it is a motor car or a girl, don't take either. When in doubt, wait."

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

Rich men's sons and inheritors of wealth have succeeded, have risen above their unfortunate environment, and, aided by other people's money, have at times accomplished great results; but the large majority of men of mark, men who are recognized as leaders in their lines, reached their goal through their own endeavors and

wholly without financial or other assistance.

A close study of conditions proves beyond a doubt that comparatively few men have succeeded except by their own personal endeavors.

So much is self-work necessary for self-advancement, that sensible and practical men of wealth invariably subject their sons to hard training. Instead of placing them in responsible positions, at the start, they require them to learn the business from the bottom up, even though it may be necessary for them to carry the dinner-palls of labor and wear the overalls of subordination.

Practically every railroad president began as a brakeman, or occupied some other menial position. He was a good brakeman before he was a conductor; a good conductor before he was the superintendent of a minor division, mastering each round as he progressed upward.

Nearly all of our great merchant princes began as office boys, swept out the store, and carried bundles.

It is an economic fact, not subject to exceptions, that no man can successfully or profitably manage any kind of business, or any class of industry, unless he understands from experience the details of his vocation.

There is no way under the sun of accomplishment whereby one can effectively and profitably command workmen, who are doing that which he does not understand or cannot himself do with some proficiency.

Many great men have been born with silver spoons in their mouths, but their success is due to eating out of common crockery dishes, with iron knives and forks, at uncovered tables, where they come in close contact with the fundamental subbottom of labor, from which they progress until they are able to command men doing what they themselves have done.

Nothing can be accomplished without experience. Even ability itself is valueless unless it is developed by experience. Seeing other people do things is not sufficient. To understand how to direct, you must have been directed. To command, you must have been commanded. There is no other way. Theory, great as it is, without practice, is worth less than practice without theory.

If you begin at the bottom, you may work up. If you begin at the top, you will topple over.

NOBILITY OF THE NATIONS

Writer Contradicts Assertion Made by Lord Rosebery, Famous British Statesman.

"A nation cannot be as noble as a single man in it can," said Lord Rosebery.

I would say a single man cannot hope to be as noble as a nation can. A nation is capable of an acceleration—a momentum of moral action. The nobility that is in a single man, a nation can raise to an nth power. One man who pulls himself together and loves or one man who pulls himself together and hates, is impressive. A nation that pulls itself together and loves—is sublime.

Even a nation that pulls itself together and hates all over with one mighty heat of hate, is sublime. Every man in Germany who is singing Lissauer's chant of hate and fighting England with that chant of hate—has ten times as much hate in his one single heart than he would have if he were hating as a single man. He hates everybody else's hate on top of his own hate. One stick of wood in a fire may be hot—but it is hotter with three more—and still hotter—that one stick—with three million more.

It is absurd to say a nation cannot be as noble as a single man can. It is a defiance of psychology and of the laws of dynamics in the human heart.—Gerald Stanley Lee in the Mount Tom Magazine.

No Rest for Him.

"This extravagance has got to stop," said the head of the family wrathfully. "You are spending money faster than I can make it."

"If you'd stick to your office instead of going out to play golf every afternoon perhaps you could make money faster," replied his better half.

Intangible Riches.

"Is Dubson possessed of much property?" "Merely a castle or two in Spain and a fleet of dream ships."

TO STOP TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS

Get a box of true Mustarine in the original yellow box for about 25 cents at druggists. Rub it on the inflamed joints or muscles, and that almost unbearable agony will go at once.

No rheumatic sufferer can afford to be without true Mustarine, for it never fails to give blessed relief. Use it for aches or pains anywhere, and for sore throat, bronchitis and pleurisy. True Mustarine is made by Begy Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

Useful Knowledge.

Marcella—Isn't it too bad Myrtle went and got married?

Waverly—Why?

"She was such a fine typewriter and now all the time she spent learning the touch system will have been wasted."

"Oh, no it will not; she can use it on her husband."

Always Have It on Hand.

Don't wait until you get scalded or burned because that will mean much suffering while you are sending to the dealer's for Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Always have it on hand and be prepared for accidents. The Balsam should give you quick relief. Adv.

Unofficial Library.

"Well, how's things in Plunkville?"

"Oh, so so."

"Got a circulating library in your town?"

"Mine is a sort of one, except that I don't get paid for books lost or kept indefinitely."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To Fortify the System

Against Winter Cold

Many users of GROVES' TASTELESS CHILL TOXIC make it a practice to take a number of bottles in the fall to strengthen and fortify the system against the cold weather during the winter. Everyone knows the tonic effect of Quinine and Iron which this preparation contains in a tasteless and acceptable form. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.

The Result.

"When you asked his permission to marry your daughter, was the old man put out?"

"No, but I was."

Write Martine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago for Illustrated Book of the Eye Free.

Clubs are places where men go when they want to get rid of themselves.

How to Treat Croup Externally

Rob Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve well over the throat and chest for a few minutes—then cover with a warm flannel cloth. Leave the covering loose around the neck so that the soothing medicated vapors arising may loosen the choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures against a night attack. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. At druggists.

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That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

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